



Allen Ginsberg, utility man S.S. John Blair around October 30, 1947, just back in N.Y. harbor from Galveston-Dakar doldrums trip, I handed my camera to the radio-men on the ship's fo'c'sle, smoking what? — Allen Ginsberg

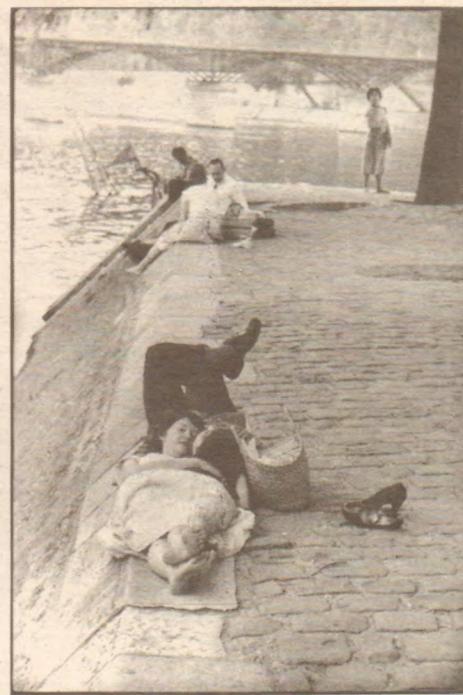


## MY TIBET

Photographs by Galen Rowell

at the California Academy of Sciences  
in Golden Gate Park, San Francisco  
through October 6, 1991

## ASUC Art Studio Photography Auction



Henri Cartier-Bresson. "Le Vert Galant", Paris, 1954.  
Courtesy of Helen Wright/The Atelier Group, Ltd., N.Y.

Sunday, September 29 - 1 P.M.

VISION GALLERY  
1155 Mission Street  
San Francisco, CA. 94103

Preview of work for sale at Vision Gallery, September 23-28, 10-6pm  
For auction catalog, call (415) 642-3065

The Mother Jones International  
Documentary Photography Awards  
with special guest Marc Riboud



ED VIGGIANI, The Iemanjá Festival in Praia Grande, estado de São Paolo, 1990

Sponsored by the Professional Photography Division, Eastman Kodak Company

### September 7, 3pm

In a rare Bay Area appearance, Mr. Riboud will lecture and show slides from his remarkable forty year career. The lecture will be followed by a presentation of the work of the finalists in the 1991 Mother Jones competition.

### September 12

Culture Clash: Representations of Old and New Americans,  
*a panel discussion*

Professor Gerald Vizenor will discuss ways in which Native Americans have historically been misrepresented by photographers such as Edward Curtis. Photographer and 1990 award winner Eniac Martínez will show photographs of a new group of immigrants, the Mixtecs of Oaxaca. An additional panelist is to be announced.

### Through September 15

World Views: The First Mother Jones International  
Photography Awards, an exhibition of photographs.

*All events are being held at The Ansel Adams Center, 250  
Fourth St., San Francisco. Admission is five dollars. For  
more information, call Beth at 415 558-8881.*

We need translators! Can you volunteer?

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**The September issue will feature work submitted from our readers.**

**Actress Diane Keaton, country and western singer Kenny Rogers, musician Graham Nash, painters Robert Rauschenberg and David Hockney are but a few of the people who – aside from the area they are primarily known for – have gotten seriously interested in and involved with photography.**

In this issue we present the photographic work of Allen Ginsberg whom you all know for his writing, his chanting, or, if for none of the above, then maybe for his cameo appearance in *Don't Look Back* – a 60s film about Bob Dylan recently edited and aired on MTV as the rock video of "Subterranean Homesick Blues."

Our selection of Ginsberg's photographs and handwritten text are introduced by Thomas Gladysz who also conducted the accompanying interview. For those who might have trouble reading the reduced text under the photographs, or would like to see a broader selection of images, Ginsberg's work will be on view at the Robert Koch Gallery in San Francisco through September 14. In addition, a reception for the artist and book signing of *Allen Ginsberg: Photographs*, published by Twelvetrees Press, will be held at the gallery on August 29 at 6:30 pm.

Henry Brimmer  
Publisher

**Notes:** I think I need to stop apologizing for our delayed appearance. I wish I could blame this month's tardiness on the new California tax on newspapers or the shattering news about Pee Wee's newest Great Adventure... Since neither applies, I'll take full responsibility... and call out again for help. Anyone interested in volunteering a few days a month to assist *Photo Metro* with production, subscription list upkeep, proofreading, writing, distributing (must have own vehicle), organizing mailings, etc. should contact the magazine. Whatever assistance you might provide will help us get the publication out on time. Maybe.

With renewed energy after his vacation, Alexis Gerard continues his articles on electronic photography on page 16.

**More electronic photography workshops:** Under the headline "Sacrifice Three Sundays" *Photo Metro* ventured into offering workshops in electronic photography – specifically on Adobe's Photoshop, the most popular software on the market to date. Since the workshops are taught at Top Copy, a local service bureau available to us only on Sundays, we feared not many people would care to attend. To our surprise, attendance has exceeded our expectations. Since more and more people seemed willing to sacrifice their Sundays, we added four more workshops. For new workshop dates see ad on page 17.

The guidelines to our **9th Annual Contest** have been mailed to those who requested them and are also published on page 29. I can't stress how important it is for you to read the guidelines *carefully*. Andy Grundberg, who recently arrived from New York to work at The Friends of Photography, has agreed to be this year's sole juror. In the past we have usually invited five people to judge our contest. For this year, we thought we'd test a new approach. Deadline for submissions is October 3, 1991.

Have watched Allen more than I have listened to his voice  
 Have learned from him and Peter while laughing – travelling – making movies  
 Allen is aware of History continuously running beside him.  
 His knowing eyes hold fast the tale he lives to tell  
 .... pen scribbling  
*Open the door, let them in!*

Robert Frank<sup>1</sup>

The photographs of Allen Ginsberg are both documentation and example. They serve – importantly so – as the visual record of a generation of poets, novelists, painters and their friends. This generation – who came of age in the middle 50's – is credited with helping shape the social changes that occurred a decade later. Ginsberg, along with Jack Kerouac, Gary Snyder, William Burroughs, Neal Cassady and others, influenced the way we think about everything from literature to green-consciousness, popular music to sexual mores.

Ginsberg's photographs – which he began taking in the late 40's – also reflect his literary aesthetics. The author of *Howl* (1956), *Kaddish* (1961) and most recently *White Shroud* (1986), Ginsberg is associated with the "Beat" writers who also include Lawrence Ferlinghetti, Diane DiPrima and Michael McClure. Beat poetics – if it can be defined – owe as much to an alternative literary tradition as it does to Eastern philosophy, improvisatory jazz and the visual arts.

What we see in Ginsberg's photos are a visual manifestation of his poetics. In the annotated *Howl* (1986), Ginsberg explains one impetus behind writing his celebrated poem: "The appeal of *Howl* is to the secret or hermetic tradition of 'justifying' or 'making up for' defeat in worldly life..." This impetus is also present in the photos when Ginsberg suggests in the following interview that his images are both "sacramental" and "poignant." What he intends is not nostalgia – but the capture of the "fleeting moment in a floating world."

The often repeated, Zen-inspired dictum, "first thought/best thought" – which manifests itself in Ginsberg's verse as a kind of "spontaneous bop prosody"<sup>2</sup> – also makes itself felt in his photos, as is evident in their snapshot quality. Ginsberg's aesthetics are allied with those of his long-time friend and mentor Robert Frank, as well as contemporaries Garry Winogrand and Lee Friedlander. What each of these photographers share is an appreciation for the ordinary and an expansive approach – rather than the attempt to capture the decisive moment.

Thomas Gladysz writes on the visual arts for Bay City News Service and is a regular contributor to West Art.

**INTERVIEW WITH ALLEN GINSBERG**  
by Thomas Gladysz

TG: In the postscript to your new book, *Allen Ginsberg: Photographs*, you talk about the sacramental nature of life, and offer this concept as an aesthetic for your photography. Could you elaborate?

AG: I think the notion is a Native American art aesthetic and life aesthetic, but my formulation of it is reinforced by a lot of Buddhist training. The notion is basically that the first noble truth most all of us acknowledge, especially senior citizens, is that existence is transitory – life is transitory. We are born and we die. And so this is it! It gives life both a melancholy and a sweet and joyful flavor. And from that point of view, you could say this experience is sacred.

TG: Would you go as far as to say that photography is sacred?

AG: Well, I think any gesture we make consciously, be it artwork, a love affair, any food we cook, can be done with a kind of awareness of eternity, truthfulness. The poet Louis Zukofsky said: "Nothing is better for being eternal nor so white as the white that dies in the day." One appreciates the poignancy of the contemporary. In portraiture, you have the fleeting moment to capture the image as it passes and before it dissolves. And in a way, that's special for photography. It captures the shadow of a moment, so to speak.

TG: You said that "the poignancy of a photograph comes from looking back to a fleeting moment in a floating world."

AG: I was putting it more succinctly. The notion of the idea of a floating world is Japanese. A world floating on clouds – the world as a cloud, in a sense, floating through time and then dissolving.

TG: How does the sacramental relate to another idea you talk about, the quality of "ordinary mind."

AG: This life is unique, and every aspect is unique and never will be repeated. There's a kind of charm and magic to that, we might call it ordinary magic, as Tibetan Buddhists do. There's a realization of death and poignancy and transitoriness – and the idea that the highest consciousness is ordinary consciousness.

1 Allen Ginsberg: *Photographs*, Twelvetrees Press, Altadena, Ca, 1990.

2 Ginsberg originally employed this term in the dedication to *Howl* to describe the writings of Jack Kerouac.

TG: Do you feel ordinary mind is what Robert Frank achieved in *The Americans*?

AG: I think so. What he was noticing out of the corner of his eye were things that people see every day but didn't want to notice, or didn't notice, or didn't think were glamorous. They become totemic moments: a politician on a stand pressing his lips to kiss a baby; a black man all dressed up holding his chin at a funeral by the Mississippi. An unnoticed corner of the world suddenly becomes noticed, and when you notice something clearly and see it vividly, it then becomes sacred.

TG: In your postscript you also said, "I notice many things and notice that I notice, and instantly or eventually I might make a picture of it." I wonder how forethought comes into your making pictures.

AG: I never know what my thought will be next. The only forethought I have is the awareness that any thought might be interesting and be a surprise. I take forethought to be alertness.

TG: Is it a matter of practice?

AG: Yes, of cultivating an awareness of the fact that we're seeing things all the time as we walk down the street. And then, at another level of awareness, we notice what we notice.

TG: In terms of composition, do you have an idea of what you're looking for?

AG: Robert Frank gave me some very good suggestions, and so did Berenice Abbott. Robert said, "If you take someone's photo, more or less close-up, always include the hands." I asked why. He said, "The face is naked and the hands are naked. It gives a more complete picture of the action or the whole attitude of the body. If you just take a picture from the chest up – no hands – you don't quite get the whole gesture."

I was in New York at an art gallery where Berenice Abbott was showing some of her older photos. I approached her, pointed my camera at her, and she said, "Oh, don't be a shutterbug!" Then she said, "Forgive me. If you're going to take my picture, back away a little. You don't want to get too close, otherwise my forehead will bulge or the cheek will bulge and it'll be all out of proportion. Give a little space around the subject, so you see where it is and what the context is."

TG: In your book, Berenice Abbott is credited for her "off-hand direction."

AG: Occasionally I used to visit her up in Maine where she lives. A mutual friend – Hank O'Neil, who edited her last book – took me to her. She gave me a couple of lessons, and I learned something from her. She had a wry smile and said, "Oh, I think I can show you a thing or two."

She was quite old, but quite sharp and alert. She knew people I admired, like Hart Crane, the poet, and Marsden Hartley, the painter/poet. And she knew William Carlos Williams in the 20's. From her I heard a lot of gossip about people I had read about. It was a pleasure to connect with that lineage and have that sense of old bohemianism. It was good to see someone who had survived as an individual with her particularity of gender. Berenice herself liked ladies and, since

I'm gay, it was nice to reinforce the fact that you could live a full life.

Also, what was quite interesting was her devotion to her elders – her lineage. She had rescued the glass plates of Atget and kept them for many years – all those delicate glass plates she brought from Paris. And of her admiration for younger generations she said, "I love that Robert Frank. I've never met him, but of all the younger photographers, he's just marvelous!" She had enthusiasm for a younger person and respect for an older person. That seems like the great missing link in American society.

TG: How did you come to meet Robert Frank?

AG: Through Kerouac, by accident back in the 50's. I think Robert knew Kerouac's work, or they knew each other and became friends. Kerouac trusted Robert, plain, glum, Swiss – this fellow with no heavy pretensions, very ordinary in a sense, not vain.

Kerouac was asked to write a preface to the American edition of Robert Frank's book. I think Walker Evans had written the preface to the French edition. Robert had the choice between a younger American writer and an older, established photographer and I think he wanted to gamble on the great reality of the present. He asked if Kerouac would please do it – and Kerouac did. They took a trip together. Robert drove Kerouac and his mother to Florida; that was a specialty of Robert's – on the road in America – as it was Kerouac's. Robert took a lot of photographs, many of which have never been seen. Their affection cemented because Robert was nice to Kerouac's mother – she was a very judgmental woman who didn't like many of Kerouac's friends.

TG: You've called Robert Frank your "kindly teacher."

AG: Well, I didn't really appreciate him as a photographer. I thought, he's just a photographer, I'm a poet! I had been taking pictures all along, but I hadn't thought of myself as a photographer. I hadn't been very curious about it. As the years went by, I began to see the value of his attitude. There's a kind of glum affection in him that's very nice. It's always very steady. He always said that he thought I was doing a good thing and admired the way I was consistently being a poet, and going about my world and not getting knocked out by alcohol or drugs or hysteria – just sort of plodding along doing my poetry. He liked that. He was plodding along doing his photography, encountering all sorts of personal tragedies, but continuing. We got to be quite affectionately friendly, family friends.

Around 1984, I realized that I had accumulated a lot of photographs over the years. All I had were drugstore prints, so I asked Robert how to go about getting better and bigger prints. He introduced me to his printmakers, Brian Graham and Sid Kaplan, who made what you might call in high falutin' terms "museum quality prints." As it developed, I began taking pictures to Robert, asking, "Do you think it's any good, should I crop this?" He gave me a little advice. I began depending on him more and began to worship him as a photographer when I realized how much he knew. As it turns

out he knows a lot. When he was 16, he was apprenticed to an industrial photographer in Switzerland: he had to learn about chemicals, how to light up a huge industrial factory two blocks long. He knows a lot, and so does his friend, the printmaker and photographer, Sid Kaplan. He's quite an expert. Sid works at the School for Visual Arts in New York and lives across the street from me. I go into his darkroom and ask him about things, like burning a detail in.

Another thing – Robert said that photography was an art for lazy people. If you're famous, you can get away with anything! William Burroughs spent the last ten years painting, and makes a lot more money out of his painting than he does out of his previous writing. If you establish yourself in one field, it's possible that people then take you seriously in another. Maybe too seriously. I know lots of great photographers who are a lot better than me, who don't have a big, pretty coffee table book like I have. I'm lucky.

TG: Has Elsa Dorfman been an influence?

AG: Very much so. I've known her since 1960. She used to work at as an editor at Grove Press. She was into poetry and helped organize readings. Then she took up the camera. She got more and more into photography and was taking our pictures whenever we would come to visit. It was like family snapshots. An object lesson in ordinary mind! Sitting at the kitchen table, talking, reading the *Times* in the morning, eating a bowl of soup or sitting around on her couch, she'd just snap casually. And I liked that, it was what I was doing all along. She did a very interesting book called *Elsa's Housebook*.

TG: You and Gregory Corso once met Edward Weston. How did that come about?

AG: It was by accident. I knew his work, but not very well. When I was younger I had seen it in artbooks and at the Museum of Modern Art and at the Metropolitan Museum of Art. Gregory and I started going down to Los Angeles from San Francisco around 1956, at the height of the San Francisco poetry renaissance. In those days, Henry Miller was living in Big Sur. We decided that on our way to Los Angeles, we'd hitch-hike to Big Sur and see if we could find Henry Miller. But we couldn't get a ride out of Carmel and were stuck on the coast highway. We were walking and walking, and then we passed a big wooden sign saying "Edward Weston."

We decided that since we couldn't get a ride to Henry Miller, we'd go see Edward Weston. We knocked on the door of his beautifully constructed log house and this little old man came out. He had the beginnings of Parkinson's Disease, so he was trembling. He was in his bathrobe, well groomed, small and bent over like a magical gnome or a dwarf in a fairytale. He invited us to come in and gave us some tea. We asked, "Do you have any photographs we could look at?" He was very accommodating. He had this beautiful set of cabinets along the wall which were drawers, and it was there he had these savored prints. He pulled a few out. There were some photos from Point Lobos, the dead bird on the rock, and some shapes of tidepools. He was old and obviously fragile – that dead bird

was almost an ironic comment. It was very dramatic in a sense. We spent about an hour and a half, kept him company, his son came in and said hello. Then he showed us to the door when it was time to go. We went down the steps. He waved to us first and then said, "Don't forget, I was once a young bohemian like you, too."

TG: When did you start taking photographs?

AG: I think I had a box camera when I was a kid. I took photos of my mother in the mental hospital at Greystone when I was 15 or 16. I had a whole series of photos I began taking at Columbia University in 1946 or 1947 of William Burroughs, Kerouac and some friends. I still have the drugstore prints of those, and some are quite well known. Some were in *Scenes Along the Road*. [published by City Lights Books, San Francisco, CA, 1984]

TG: What kind of camera have you used?

AG: I bought a second-hand Kodak Retina in a Third Avenue pawnshop before I left for Europe around 1953. I kept using that until the 60's. Then, as I left India, I bought a funny camera which has two pictures to one frame – a Ricoh, I think. I have some good pictures of Neal Cassady and Timothy Leary. And then I lost it, or left it at somebody's house. In the early 70's I bought an Olympus XA, a small camera you can fit in your breast pocket. I'm still using that quite a bit. It's an obsolete model – though well made, metallic I think.

In Poland, about five years ago, I bought an old C3 Leica. When I brought it home, Robert Frank said it was the same kind of Leica he used for *The Americans*.

I took a lot of photos with that until I lost it in a cab. And then after visiting Berenice Abbott, I realized she had these panoramic views with minute details, like Brueghel. To get that clarity of detail and panoramic awareness of space you have to have a larger format camera. She had a camera called the Century Universal View Camera – which is a very romantic name for a camera. I decided I should get a bigger format, so I got a second-hand Rolleiflex.

TG: Do you always carry your camera with you?

AG: I always carry the Olympus, like I always carry a notebook. I carry a notebook for writing little things, haikus, descriptions. And generally I carry my Olympus and one extra role of film. I don't tote around the Rolleiflex unless I'm really intending to take a picture.

TG: What is the state of your photo archives?

AG: It's a full time job for somebody. My salary as a Distinguished Professor of English at Brooklyn College, goes into maintaining an office and secretaries. The secretarial and print making costs, and the archiving, updating, shipping and mailing costs, take up as much money as I get in from the prints. I was running pretty much in the red for many years but I may just be out of it this year because of the book. It's actually a very expensive hobby. But that's what's nice about it, because I'm not making any money, it is strictly an amateur hobby. It's just fun. Especially with the older photos, it's like having a telescope back

into time to see moments or instances that now seem sacred and glamorous, more tragic, poignant certainly, because the moment has passed. They are really very precious.

TG: What led you to write on your photographs?

AG: Well, for one thing, they all had a story, especially the old ones. A lot of them were taken before anybody was famous. They're sort of like funny, family photos. But what really turned me on to writing on the photos were the comments Hank O'Neil recorded by Berenice Abbott for the book they put together around 1984 or 1985. He went over the photos with her. Her comments give you information about the circumstance of taking the photo, or the character of the person photographed, or the situation. I always liked that. It seemed her little one paragraph comments provided a model for me. I was already writing a little bit – but she had a good solid paragraph that was tape recorded. I'm a writer, so I could write it. Then I decided I could write on the margin at the bottom of the photograph instead of just signing it. I just improvised as I went along.

TG: You write different text on the same photo?

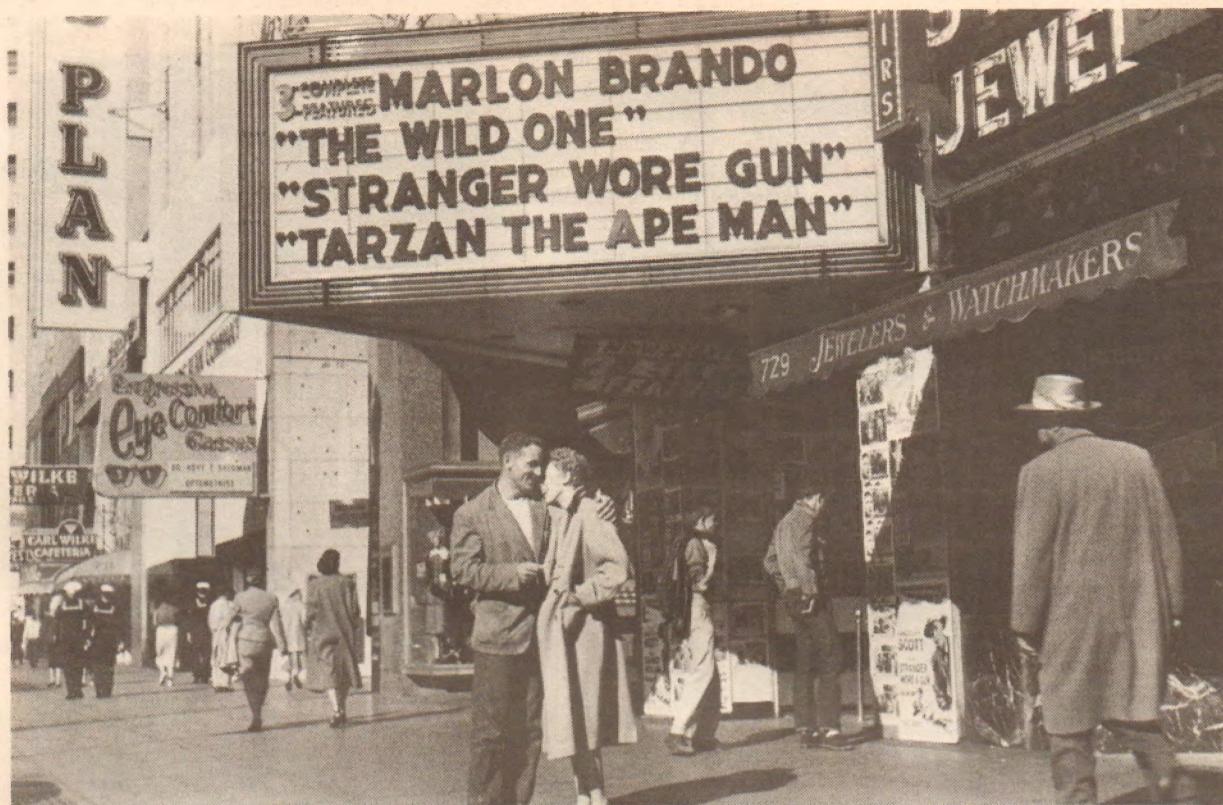
AG: I start with one line. Every time I write a new caption, I would write it more extended and with more information. Occasionally, I just repeat the last line. I have them all on a word processor.

TG: Lastly, do you feel photography has influenced your poetry?

AG: Well, to go back in time, there was the Imagist and Objectivist movements. They specialized in brief poems, flashes of the moment, visual poems like "So much depends/upon/a red wheel/barrow/glazed with rain/water/beside the white/chickens." They're little descriptive photographic worlds, almost cinematic in nature. William Carlos Williams was a friend of the photographer/painter Charles Sheeler and with Stieglitz. So, there has always been some correlation between photographers and poets since the 1920's.

It's evolved to the point where Robert Frank and I taught a course together in Israel, at the Camera Obscura School of Photography, called "Photographic Poetics, or the Poetics of Photography." It's basically the notion of the sacred moment or sacred thought or sacred idea or sacred perception. I don't know if Robert would use the word "sacred," but certainly that's what he did.

There is a great element of chance in Robert's photography, shooting from the hip. At one time, I think he even experimented with throwing the camera up in the air with a delaying click to see what would come out. Not setting things up, but accepting what passed before his eyes – that feeds into the notion of the spontaneous writing of Kerouac. So there are a lot of parallels. First thought/best thought or first glimpse/best glimpse, unpremeditated awareness. It's like taking little flashes in your notebook, little flashes of thought. That aspect of chance Robert introduced into photography to some extent. The idea of ordinary chance or ordinary magic is the same as bohemian, Beat, Buddhist poetics. There are many parallels ■



Neal Cassady and his love of that year, Natalie Jackson. Conscious of their roles in eternity, Market Street San Francisco. Cassady had been Prototype for Kerouac's late '40's on the Road. Sage hero Dean Moriarity, as in later 60's he'd take the wheel of Ken Kesey's psychedelic-era Cross-Country bus "Further." It is illuminated American automobile Mania and erotic energy had already written his fame in bright lit signs of our literary imagination before movies were made imitating his charm. That's why we stopped under the marquee for a photo, to buy the passing hand on the watch, 1955. Allen Ginsberg



Neal Cassady age 29 young and handsome in North Beach used car lot in front of "The Hearse" a black delivery truck, first auto for me & Peter Orlovsky. Bay Area "Johnny Appleseed" of Pot, Neal gambled madly at racetrack, worked decade as Conductor Southern Pacific R.R. Brakeman years before broke his ankle averting train crash, collected insurance, bought his family a house in Los Gatos, wrote sections of his First Third book, visited me & friends overnight on Soquel Street, Polk Gulch & 1010 Montgomery Street that season, San Francisco 1955.

Allen Ginsberg



Timothy Leary Psychedelic research pioneer and Neal Cassady first meeting at Millbrook N.Y. in Ken Kesey-Merry Pranksters' "Further" bus which Neal'd driven crosscountry S.F. to N.Y. via Texas before Fall 1964 Presidential, with "A Vote For Goldwater is a Vote for Fun" logo painted large across bus side, i.S.D. Cool-aid Pitcher in icebox. Neal stretching capless wine itch in his droes's palm <sup>Aleen</sup> Glassberg

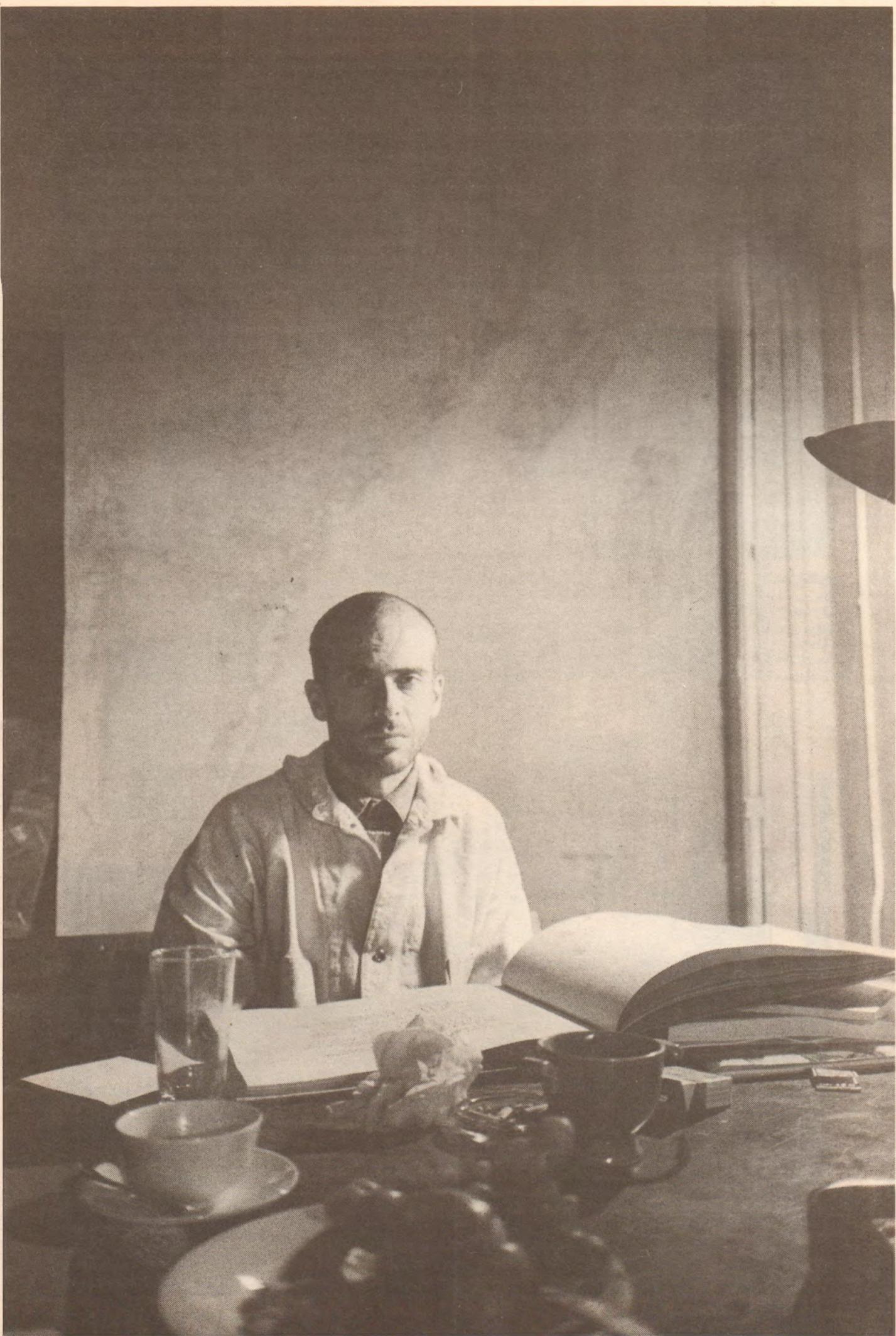


Peter Orlovsky legs crossed handsome mysterious haired, Wm Burroughs thoughtful with hat to shade Mediterranean sun and camera, Allen Ginsberg white pants earnest, Alan Ansen resolute visiting from Venice to help type Post-Naked Lunch apocalyptic Cut-ups, Gregory Corso Sunglasses and Menor'd, Ian Sommerville assisting Sound Glazé electronics & stroboscope Alpha rhythm Dream Machine experiments with Bill B. and Brion Gysin then in town, Paul Bowles squinting in bright Midday light seated on ground, all assembled outside Bill's single room, my Kodak Retina in Michael Portman's hands, old garden Villa Muneria, Tanger Maroc 1961 July. Allen Ginsberg



William Burroughs slightly bonked, Tanger his dooryard garden wall, Villa Muneria, looking suspiciously at me, "Who are you an agent for?" He "traced back along the word-lines" ecto-upt method of Analysis of language, inquiring back to the source of my conditioning, perhaps liberal Professor Trilling, perhaps "a Trust of giant insects from another Galaxy" conspiring to make Nova conditions on the planet, exterminate the human animal, move in on the turf, another life form, virus invasion. Timothy Leary visited, we took Cyclosporin, Bill shut himself inside his gate with a wave of the hand, allergies, Paranoia season. Peter Orlovsky departed alone for Athens Cairo Tel Aviv, Bill employed for Scandinavian L.S.D. Conference, Florence, 1961.

Allen Ginsberg



Francesco Clemente, Blake-inspired Painter, looking over hand-script album with new poem I'd written out for his watercolor illuminations, our third book so prepared, corner of his loft overlooking Great Jones Street Manhattan, October 1984. He liked this picture.

Alela Geisberg



Glen Snyder Contemplating Glacier Peak Wilderness Area - we were on a 8-day backpack trip, my first mountain climb. Allen Ginsberg



Paul Bowles preparing mint tea on arrival at acquaintance Christopher Warklyn's souk household in the medina, I took train from Tangier and stayed with them a week, Marrakesh, March, July 20, 1961. Allen Ginsberg



Jack Kerouac the last time he visited my apartment 704 E 5th Street lower East Side Manhattan, he then looked like his late father, Corpulent W.C. Fields shuddering with mortal horror, grimacing on D.M.T. I'd brought back from Millbrook, Fall 1964. Fred Giesberg



William Burroughs, July 1st weekend 1984 listening to cassette  
of my music. Plastic table, Varsity Townhouse Boulder Colorado, he'd  
come to teach at Naropa; these lamps and sets familiar to us almost a  
decade now—How intelligent! and reposeful hands. Allen Ginsberg



Harry Rivers with his portrait of Poet John Ashbery's Poem "Pyrography" (1977), his studio Southampton L.I. July 7, 1985. He worked out with weightlift instructor too that day, as well as new styrofoam 3-D painting. Alleen Ginsberg



Peter Orlofsky born 1933 visiting his family - Lafcadio age 47 who'd lived with us San Francisco - N.Y. 1955-61 & later intermittent years; Katherine Orlofsky age 78 totally deaf after botched mastoid/nerve operation Eye & Ear Hospital N.Y. Circa 1930. & Laff's twin sister Marie who'd lived in our lower East Side apartment 1959 for Baby Nurse School in Jersey but quit jobs soon after, angry hearing voices' filthy gossip. Second floor flat on lonely road Long Island they need taxi to supermarket & shop faraway with Social Service Indeemity Checks July 26, 1987.

Allen Ginsberg



Ken Kesey'd come to New York to perform his *Bear Myself Cantata* at Lincoln Center, I visited at midnight his room Hotel Excelsior 81st Street near Planetarium, he held still a second in lamplight, said he had second thoughts about his former Nootherst faith after bus-Creath demise of his athlete son. December 14, 1989. Alecia Ginsberg



Robert Frank, his Bleeker Street house studio near Bowery, formal portrait for my Collected Poems  
1947-1980 dust-jacket back, old Polaroid 195 gives negative -- Peter Orlowsky present wandered  
in back of the floor with my Olympus XA, this is what he saw, New York January 1984 ~  
Allea Giasberg



Spying on myself in hotel mirrors, second night in Soviet Union, pyjamas on after brushing  
teeth, ready to sleep after long air-trip New York - Stockholm - Moscow - Vilnius Lithuania with Arthur  
Leage Miller in American Institute writer's delegation to Soviet Writers' Union 11/1985 Allea Giasberg

**ON DIGITAL PHOTOGRAPHY:**  
Peering into the Future of Imaging  
by Alexis Gerard

In recent months, the level of energy in digital imaging has escalated suddenly and dramatically. The cover story of the July issue of *Fortune* magazine was on the future of photography. Kodak is making major moves, demonstrating its intention to "do or die" in the imaging market. Polaroid is swinging into action, updating its pioneering film recorder and introducing digital scanners and printers. Even the staid Europeans are entering the fray: Hasselblad with a 35 mm film scanner and Rollei with a revolutionary digital back for its 2.25 unit. As the pace of market development and technical innovation begins to accelerate, it's useful to step back from the jumble of day-to-day announcements and product introductions, and to seek some perspective: A vision of the future provides the best insight into the significance of today's events.

**Taking Pictures:**

There is absolutely no doubt in my mind that the future belongs to all digital electronic still cameras. The economics of chip production and of solid-state (no moving parts) device manufacturing make it inevitable that, within a foreseeable future, we'll all be taking the majority of our pictures with cameras of this type. Of course, this means we'll also own the other components (computer, software, printer) necessary to make these digital images useful. In addition to providing absolutely instant pictures, and being cheaper to operate (no film, no processing) than conventional cameras, these units will have specific advantages of their own. It will be possible to automatically attach to the picture which pertains to it, such as exposure data, date stamp, and voice comments. In the more distant future, we'll be able to selectively control and alter exposure within different parts of an image.

Closer to the present, Kodak's Photo CD service will give photographers a convenient, inexpensive way of converting their images from film to digital starting next year. On the one hand, this strategy will undoubtedly extend the life of film as an image recording medium. But, perhaps even more importantly, it will also produce an explosion in the number of digital images being created, driving the demand for cheaper and better computers, software, storage devices, etc.

**Computer Systems:**

In the future, all our pictures will be fed into and displayed on the "Home Information and Entertainment System" (or "HIES"), my personal moniker for the forthcoming merger of video, audio and computer components. In addition to its imaging functions, the HIES will receive broadcasts such as TV, videotex, teletex or other information sources. It will play CD's, videotapes or disks and video games. It will include the ability to program these sources and interact with them intelligently. It will contain the tools necessary for common home productivity tasks such as paying bills, writing letters, managing finances, etc. It will also most likely be the "control panel" for household systems (heating,

security, appliances). As far as working with images is concerned, the HIES will connect to photographic-quality color printers, featuring simple image adjustment functions (such as zoom, crop, brightness & contrast, color balance) operated by remote control. It will also run some very exciting image management software.

**Personal Image Manager Software:**  
People need tools to organize and keep track of the thousands of pictures they own. Once these pictures are digital, a personal image database manager can

in a picture of a lake, and wrap it around the couch. The problem in doing that is that the image enhancement software has no way to differentiate the couch form from its surroundings (it does not know the boundaries of the couch), nor does it have information regarding the topology of the couch, or the way the light falls on the couch: To today's programs, the whole image is just a matrix of pixels. Image Analysis software will derive these characteristics, and make them a part of the image information. Of course, our finest software development minds won't tackle the problem just so I

tal imaging systems to achieve the pervasiveness of VCR's, fast inexpensive "photographic quality" color printers are a necessity. Whether or not these are plain paper devices remains to be seen. In the more immediate future, we will see improvements in devices intended for business use, for instance Laser Printers capable of producing documents comparable to black and white prints: Black-and-white has a distinctive, ongoing and important place in imaging and graphic arts. Items such as newsletters, datasheets, flyers, etc. should not have to go to a print shop.

operated on multi-media installations addressing environmental issues using video, sculpture, sound, and computer generated works.

**Photographer's note:**

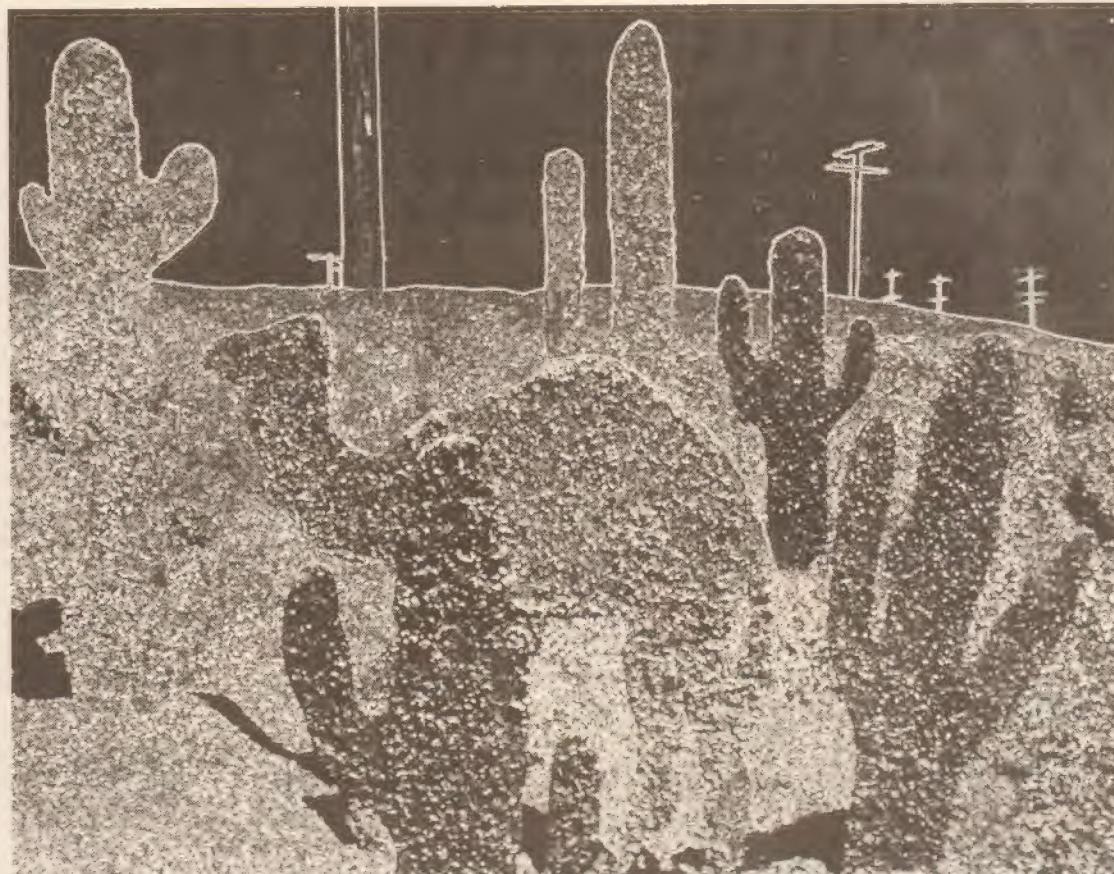
My art reflects a concern with the environment, cultural anthropology, and archeology. The illusions created are a collaboration between the natural environment, artifice temporarily planted in the landscape, (site specific sculpture built to be photographed) and the transformative qualities inherent in the photograph.

The desert image included here attempts to articulate notions I hold regarding climatic shifts associated with Global Warming. The charcoal camel and cacti planted in a field of crushed charcoal metaphorically connect the environmental destruction associated with Desert Storm in the Persian Gulf and the slower desertification of the earth.

Last summer I was one of several Bay Area Artists asked by The Friends of Photography and Alexis Gerard to train with Adobe and to produce digital images using Photoshop. Many of us were barely computer literate. Perhaps in our naivete we would come up with creative and unusual uses for the program. My exposure was all too brief. I had two days to produce images, one of which is included in this article. Like any tool, sensitive manipulation requires research, thought and time.

The Photoshop Program used here allows the user to create fictionalized representations of reality. As digital images become a routine part of popular culture the "believability" of images comes into question. My photographic work relies on the viewers trust that what they see exists (cactus/camel image originates in the landscape not in the computer). I realize that the infiltration of electronic images effects the way my work will be perceived even if I never touch a keyboard again!

Robin Lasser



Robin Lasser, Desert, 1990.

do the job. In addition to information entered by the user of the database (such as topic, place, etc.) the Image Manager will be able to automatically pick up information from the input medium: For example, the date and exposure information recorded by a digital camera. It will create and display custom sequences of images corresponding to specific criteria. For example: Uncle Harry is coming to visit next Friday, and we have decided to inflict a "slide show" on him. Since Uncle Harry is a fishing enthusiast, the Image Manager will create a sequence including all images which correspond to the following criteria: 1) Related to fishing, 2) Uncle Harry is in the picture, 3) Taken within the last two years (when Uncle last visited!).

**Image Analysis Software:**

As good as the current image enhancement programs are, there are some things I'm dying to do but can't. For instance, I would like to be able to wrap an image around an object. Let's say I have an interior scene, a room with furniture in it, objects, etc. I want to bring

can get my kicks by putting Lake Couch in the middle of a room (besides, the couch potato lobby might object). But think of the potential in architecture, interior decoration, fashion, etc. This capability will create a whole new use for photographic images.

**Optical Storage:**

Given the data size of high-resolution digital images, we need – and we ultimately will get – a medium for Terabytes of data (One Terabyte = 1,000 Gigabytes. One Gigabyte = 1,000 Megabytes). In an interim phase, we'll see solutions which store all the indexing information – used to locate and retrieve a particular image – in the basic system, but will require users to fetch and load the specific optical disks on which images are located. Meanwhile, these recordable optical disks and disk drives will become cheaper and faster. Their cost will eventually decrease to where the cost of storing an image digitally is comparable to that of storing film.

**Printing:**

My personal belief is that no amount of electronic wizardry will eliminate our desire for hard copy. Therefore, for digi-

Unless the quantities justify the economics of a printing press they should be rolling off standard office Laser printers, and soon they will.

Will this scenario become reality? If you can find a way to bet on it, put your money down. For one, all these developments can be predicted based on what is here today. Most of the enabling technology already exists, the challenge for manufacturers is to plot a course which will deliver the right level of functionality with the right user interface at the right price. Furthermore, the market is there, it does not have to be invented. The markets for photography are demonstrated and quantifiable, which makes it possible to do business planning and justify research and development and marketing expenses. The opportunity is too good for the giants in computing, imaging and consumer electronics to miss, and they won't.

**About the Photographer**

Robin Lasser's work has been exhibited nationally and abroad. She teaches photography at San Jose State University and is a board member and regional conference co-chair for the Society for Photographic Education. She has collab-

An alumnus of the International Center of Photography (New York), Alexis J. Gerard spent seven years at Apple Computer Inc., where he held management responsibilities in several areas of new technologies marketing. He is now President of Future Image Inc. (Burlingame, CA) a provider of marketing services in digital imaging. Future Image produced the "Photography in a Digital World" exhibit at Seybold Digital World (June 1990), and "Virtual Memories: The New Electronic Photography", the first nationwide survey of computer enhanced photography at the Ansel Adams Center in San Francisco. Mr. Gerard is a frequent contributor to conferences and publications on digital imaging.

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**LETTER FROM:  
LAS VEGAS/NEW YORK, NO. 25**  
by A.D. Coleman

I'm just back from a month in Las Vegas. Brought to that city I'd never before visited for a stint as critic-in-residence at the University of Nevada, Las Vegas, I was prepared for the experience by nothing more than a reading of Robert Venturi's classic *Learning from Las Vegas* – an optimistic prefiguring of postmodernism – and a sampling of the city's assorted appearances in fiction, films, tv shows and photographs. To my surprise, I found it weirdly beautiful and utterly American, the very quintessence of "money talks, nobody walks." Certainly, even blessedly, it's not the average North American city, but I suspect it's the distillate of this nation's dreams, the condition towards which our relentless urbanization aspires.

It's also (according to a recent article in the *L.A. Times*) the next hot center of cutting-edge art activity, a pronouncement made during the course of my visit. (This news – which was certainly news,

wrapped in kraft paper and positioned in studio sets whose surfaces were lined with the same material, these images – roughly six feet high by three wide – were printed on sensitized linen, mounted in wooden light boxes and backlit with fluorescents. Arrayed on a carpet of yet more kraft paper, they stood and lay like calm, glowing megaliths in the low-ceilinged space, as if in mute contradiction of the surrounding city's glitz.

Though it's not in any traditional sense a photograph, Patrick Zentz's "Heliotrope," a site-specific sculpture commissioned by and for the Richard Tam Alumni Center on the UNLV campus, had just been installed in its lobby. This mechanical sun-tracker, weighing almost four tons and standing about fifteen feet high, consists of three concentric mahogany and aluminum rings that automatically rotate and adjust their position according to the sun; a circle of solar light is gathered thereby and projected continuously onto the marble floor, where it hovers above a tracing of the southern horizon line of Las Vegas, which has



Eric Renner, Reed Whipple Cultural Center.

Elsewhere, the Reed Whipple Cultural Center had mounted "The International Pinhole Photography Exhibit" (821 Las Vegas Blvd.). This traveling survey, organized by the Center for Contemporary Arts of Santa Fe, was co-curated by Bobbe Besold and Eric Renner. The show was nicely installed, but – at a mere 53 prints – reduced in size from the full version, by as much as half. A number of the contributors had been left out entirely, yet what was on view suggested a wide range of approaches and concerns. At one end were Martha Casanave's toned silver prints of human configurations in the studio and Catherine Rogers's Van Dyke prints of landscapes, handsome examples of retro pictorialism. At the other were Pierre Charrier's full-length figure studies built up from film strips contact-printed on color paper; Eric Renner's direct-exposure Cibachrome prints made with his "2-eye plaster face camera," whose double images provide some approximation of what the eyes register separately before the brain integrates the two; and Sandra Moss's "TV Landscapes," C prints made by pressing the pinhole against the video screen, thus isolating and magnifying the pixels.

In between are the obscure, directorial, Mariolatrous tableaux of Nancy Spencer and Rebecca Wackler, Andrew Semel's close-ups of fingers, Paul Cimon's hand-colored interiors, and more. The show also includes a number of the cameras involved, among them Renner's plaster face, matchbox miniatures by Simon, elegantly-crafted wooden devices from Rogers and Dominique Stroobant, and one by Jo Babcock made from a molded plastic Smith-Corona portable electric typewriter case. There's a useful catalogue accompanying the exhibition (available from the Center for Contemporary Arts, P.O.B. 148, Santa Fe, NM 87504). This project is an excellent introduction to a process whose results may be wildly varied and uneven on a creative level, but which, by showing us how photographic images appear without the intervention of a lens, help to make us aware of the shaping effect of all lenses, whether biological or artificial. The exhibit does leave unanswered one obvious question: Can we look forward to digitally-encoded pinhole work?

Early on in my stay, I decided that I'd commit the most perverse act I could in Las Vegas: spending a month there without dropping even a nickel into a slot machine. I managed to achieve that personal best in kinkiness, squandering my bankroll instead at such venues as Sonny's Saloon (2358 Spring Mountain Rd., near Industrial), to my knowledge the only combination Szechuan sit-down and



Pasha Rafat, Barrett Allied Arts Gallery

though well-received, to most of the people in the arts I met in LV – helped me explain to folks at the late-April symposium "Photography: Object/Idea/Theory," at the J. Paul Getty Museum in Santa Monica, California, what I was doing

been permanently etched into the marble. Concurrent information about wind direction is provided by a wind vane connected to an electrical light ring at the structure's base; temperature data is converted into sound via eight acoustic



Patrick Zentz, University of Nevada, Las Vegas.

teaching there.) Frankly, I'm not sure you can get more cutting-edge than the city itself; this is unembarrassed, balls-to-the-wall, high-stakes postmodernism that makes Frank Gehry, David Salle and that lot look like penny-ante shleppers.

Photographically speaking, the most experimental work I saw was a cool, detached installation at Barrett Allied Arts Gallery (3750 South Maryland Parkway) by Pasha Rafat, who teaches at UNLV. A set of ten b&w studies of objects

blues club in the United States. The food is top-notch (try the double squid or shrimp in spicy salt, and the hot-pot bean curd), and the music is nonpareil. The house band is vocalist Bobby Jonz – who ranges across soul, r&b and hard blues with equal aplomb – backed up by Huck and the Blues Society. The latter is a constantly shifting unit fronted by guitarist Huck Daniels, who looks like a choirmaster but plays like the devil, and anchored by Slammin' Sammy from Austin on drums. They play Fridays, Saturdays, and Mondays (the latter is jam-session night; unless you have a taste for white boys in shorts flashing Stevie Ray Vaughan licks, stay away till about 2 a.m., when the men take over and things get serious).

Both Albert Collins and B.B. King make their homes in LV, and though they don't show up at the club their spirits hover in the air; heartbreak, drinking and gambling are the stuff of the blues, and Vegas has those aplenty and to spare. First set's at ten; have a late supper, step through the archway, and watch the men at work. It's a compact, well-ventilated



Andrew Semel, Reed Whipple Cultural Center.

space, and there's even a dance floor. Suck on a cold Tecate, ask Huck to sing "Laughing Blues," get Bobby to offer up "The Thrill is Gone," and tell the bar manager, Frank Misuraca, that I sent you. (That last'll probably get you nothing, but I've always wanted to say it.)

Nothing momentous took place at the aforementioned Getty Symposium that won't be included in the forthcoming volume of proceedings, but one highlight that might end up on the cutting-room floor was 80-year-old honored-guest Edmund Teske's tribute to the late magnate, whose ashes are buried on the hillside above the chateau. Teske, his jaw wired while healing from a point-blank gunshot wound to the left side of side of his face, strode to the podium and roared, "Here's to J. Paul Getty, who knew how to handle BIG MONEY!" And this footnote to photo history, inadvertently disclosed by Weston Naef's teenage son: the Getty's curator of photography once owned a Zim-Gar electric guitar (now in his son's possession), a Stratocaster knock-off so unplayable that it can only have functioned as a decorative item intended to impress young women.

Joan Fontcuberta, the Catalan quadruple-threat man of Spanish photography, has an extensive survey of his own work from the past sixteen years at two galleries: Zabriskie is showing two dozen of his recent "Paper Gardens" (724 Fifth Avenue) and Lieberman & Saul (155 Spring Street) has mounted a mini-retrospective of the same size.

Historian, curator, teacher and photographer, Fontcuberta is the spearhead of the first post-Franco generation of photographers; whatever hat he's wearing at any given time, he's been hell-bent on making up for lost time on all fronts simultaneously. Amidst all his endeavors, he's patiently constructed a thoughtful, cogent, tightly edited body of work that manages to be at once highly conceptual, extremely funny, and – especially in its most recent manifestations – quite beautiful as well.

The central issue of his work is the troublesome relation between the real world and its simulation. In the earliest pieces on view at Lieberman & Saul,

Fontcuberta attended to the ways in which people try to contain and organize nature in formal gardens. Next he examined our attempts to reconstruct the natural in museums, through taxidermy. That led him to inventing new species of flora, assembled from assorted plant and animal parts, which he described in the coolly formal, clinical style of Karl Blossfeldt; and that, in turn, led him – in collaboration with Pere Formiguera – to concoct new animal forms: a snake with legs, a clam with miniature arms and a penchant for shaking hands. His photographs of these ultimately were embedded in an elaborate pseudo-scientific document, "Dr. Amiesenhausen's Fauna," that was installed here two years ago as part of the Museum of Modern Art's "Projects" series.

Most recently, he's been producing "Frotograms," delicately toned prints from negatives that have been rubbed against their subjects, and the "Paper Gardens," in which photographs of actual objects from nature are superimposed onto drawn or painted depictions of those phenomena. The result is a lyrical, humorous intellectualism that engages the mind without scanting the eye – or the spirit.



**Joan Fontcuberta**, Zabrieskie Gallery.

Paraphrasing what Sir Kenneth Clark once said of the nude in art, one might propose that street life is not a *subject* of photography, it is a *form* of photography. And, even before it starts, this year's long, hot summer is being celebrated by the Museum of Modern Art with "Mean Streets," a shapeless but thoroughly enjoyable 34-print survey of the form loosely called "street photography," drawn from the museum's own holdings.

Curated by Susan Kismaric, the exhibition makes no significant argument about the form it explores, merely concentrating on small-camera work done after 1940 in the U.S. – mostly New York, with Chicago a distant second and St. Petersburg, Dallas, Los Angeles and San Francisco touched on. For reasons unexplained, the selections are restricted to silver-gelatin prints, an arbitrariness which narrows the field down considerably. Even so, there are many germinal figures missing: Roy DeCarava, Ruth Orkin, John Gutmann, Lou Stoumen, Sid Grossman. But no survey this brief can do more than hint at what the form in its broadest outlines has to offer.

The earliest work on view is by Helen Levitt and Lisette Model – who, along with Diane Arbus, are the only women represented; the most recent is by Jules Allen, Bruce Gilden and Jeffrey Scales. In between are some rare gems: two magical found montages by the severely underrated Louis Faurer; Leon Levinstein's monumental head of a suspicious man on Fifth Avenue; Ted Croner's evanescent nighttime taxi; and an eight-print Todd Webb street-level panorama of the west side of Sixth Avenue between 43rd and 44th Street, made in 1948, that shows every detail of the facade of the second-floor jazz record shop I haunted during my misspent youth. Anyone else who grew up urban American will probably find some fragment of their own past here, which is reason enough to stop by and browse. (11 West 53rd Street)

The Swedish photographer Christer Stromholm – whose influential school in Stockholm has just closed – is having his first one-person show in the U.S. Regrettably, "Don't Die: Photographs 1940-1990" is a less than coherent presentation, despite the fact that it was curated "in close collaboration with the photographer" by Orjan Kristensson. Having had a chance to peruse a sizable cross-section of Stromholm's work in Sweden this past winter, I can say that it's much more potent and cogent than this smorgasbord indicates.

Basically, the problem is that Stromholm works in sequences and suites, which

the exhibit samples much too briefly, given the fact that it also attempts to cover 50 years' worth of work in a mere 24 prints. Add to that the absence of any curatorial text explaining the photographer's concerns, and of any wall labels or checklist describing individual images, and the exhibit becomes almost senseless. Certainly the American viewing public cannot know that one of these prints is from his series of portraits of the child victims of the atom bomb; that the portrait of sculptor Alberto Giacometti behind glass is one of his many studies of artists; that several others images are from a portrayal of life among a group of transvestites; and so forth.

There's clear evidence here of a consistently brooding, melancholic vision, but its concerns are left for the viewer to guess at and its power is barely tapped. Stromholm and his colleague would have better served his work by presenting any single self-contained chunk of it at length, with enough written introduction to contextualize it for a different country in a different time. (Woodpeckers Interarts Space, 170 Mercer Street, New York 10012)

Though no formal announcement has yet been made by the *New York Times*, Andy Grundberg, *Times* photo critic since May of 1981, has left that position to become Chief Curator of the Ansel Adams Center and Director of Programs at the Friends of Photography in San Francisco. According to Paul Goldberger – informally known as the "culture czar" at the *Times*, because he oversees all of the paper's cultural coverage – the *Times* is "com-



**Michael Spino**, Museum of Modern Art, New York.

mitted to replacing him within a short period of time," though at press time no one had been named to the post.

Grundberg parted company with the *Times* officially as of April 1. In the

interim, the *Times*'s art critics – Michael Brennen, Roberta Smith and Michael Kimmelman – will handle the reviewing of photography. Grundberg's successor is expected to be named within "a few weeks," this writer was told on April 11.

The new occupant of that chair will do so as a free lance rather than a staff member, as was true of Grundberg; economics do not allow for the creation of a staff position for the function of photo critic. However, the replacement also will not be expected to write the technically-oriented material for the "Camera" page, nor to cover trade news and events, as Grundberg did. "It was an accident of history that Andy did both," according to Goldberger. "We decided that we'd be limiting our range of options severely if we restricted our pool of candidates to those who could handle those two different areas. We're looking only for a serious photography critic," he insisted, adding that the search for someone to provide material to the "Camera" page had been turned over to another division of the paper altogether.

Making heads or tails of the "Toppan Collection," currently on view at the ICP Midtown, is quite a challenge. Containing two to three images apiece by 54 "outstanding living photographers of the 1960s and 1970s," it was assembled as part of the recent worldwide sesquicentennial celebration of photography's invention. The photographers represented, and the specific images, were selected by a committee sponsored by the Photographic Society of Japan but including members of other Japanese and international photo organizations; when that process was completed, the resulting collection was donated to the new Tokyo Metropolitan Museum of Photography by the Toppan Printing Co., Ltd.

The consequence of this elaborate process is a random, shapeless survey of work from those two decades, primarily by U.S., European and Japanese photographers. There are few surprises among the non-Japanese inclusions; for the most part, the usual suspects – Duane Michals, Ralph Gibson, Arnold Newman, Robert Frank, Cartier-Bresson, et al – have been rounded up, and the images selected (with rare exceptions, like the Frank diptych, "Holy Cow") tend toward

Notably, this overview of two decades during which dozens of women photographers came to prominence devotes less than ten percent of its attention to their work – choosing only Judy Dater, Mary Ellen Mark and Sarah Moon as exemplars. By contrast, more than a third of the show is turned over to Japanese photographers; thus, if the collection and its international tour can be said to have an ulterior motive, it would appear to be the positioning within their international cohort of a now-mature generation of Japanese photographers, most of them unknown here. I'm reluctant to weigh any body of unfamiliar work on the basis of three images, but this component of the show is its weakest. There's strong imagery here by Shomei Tomatsu, Daido Moriyama, Masatoshi Naito, and a few others, but much of the rest simply does not seem to be of the first rank. At least when sampled in this fragmentary way, little of it bears comparison to even the early work of Gibson, Michals or Mark that's on view.



**Eikoh Hosoe**, International Center of Photography.

That's not the case with the work of Eikoh Hosoe, represented in the Toppan Collection but also in "Meta," a major retrospective in the same space, sponsored by the same company. Hosoe has shown here in the States frequently, starting as far back as 1969; most recently, there was a massive but jumbled 200-print retrospective of his work at Houston Fotofest last spring. This version is much smaller – 61 gelatin-silver and platinum prints – but more coherent and better presented. Excluding his experiments in color and his homages to the architecture of Antonio Gaudi, it samples five major bodies of work, the most recent of which was completed in 1975.

Hosoe, who's 55, has from the beginning worked almost invariably within the directorial mode, producing sequences and suites of images that resolve as exhibitions and distinctive bookworks as well. Three of the extended works on view were collaborations with the Butoh dancer Tatsumi Hijikata and his troupe. "Man and Woman" (1959-60) is an eerie, anxious psychodrama set in an exaggeratedly mysterious space; according to Hosoe's accompanying note, he abandoned this style when British photographer Bill Brandt's parallel but hardly identical masterpiece, "Perspective of Nudes," was published. In "Embrace" (1969-70) he returned to the human figure, probing the shapes and forms generated by the intertwined bodies of dancers in a calmer but no less stylized way. This

project is represented here by 12 prints in three different sizes – from 3x5 inches up to 16x20, exemplifying the ways in which such changes in scale and printing strategy can affect imagery. (Some two dozen more vintage prints from this suite, all in the 3x5 size he used originally, are concurrently on view at Photofind, 138 Spring Street).

Between these two projects, the photographer produced what many, myself included, consider to be his chef d'oeuvre: "Barakei, or Ordeal by Roses," a parable of the transformation of Japan after the atomic bomb, in which the late novelist Yukio Mishima serves as the main protagonist. Here Hosoe applied the more idiosyncratic printing style of "Man and Woman" to a complex, oneiric narrative, a superb wedding of craft and content. For this exhibition, as a tribute to Mishima, he has made new prints of the sequence, in platinum; although the gesture is touching, I confess a preference for the earlier version in silver, whose depths of resonant darkness seem essential to the imagery.

Also here are two mythic pieces – "Kamaitachi," starring Hijikata as a folkloric, slightly dangerous demon on the loose in a farming village, and "Simmon: A Private Landscape," which uses androgyny as a premise for an opened-up scrutiny of the appearance of present-day Japan. Deliberately unresolved, this is, according to the photographer, still very much a work-in-progress, twenty years after its inception. As a grace note, Hosoe has included his first successful photograph, a sentimental close-up portrait of a little American girl made in the military compound in Tokyo circa 1950. The photographer credits the photo – for which he won a substantial cash prize and much recognition – with starting him on his way in the medium, and is trying to locate his subject in order to thank and rephotograph her. She'd now be in her mid-forties, her name might be Patty Jaworski, and any help would be appreciated. (1133 Avenue of the Americas at 43rd Street)

*Portions of this column appeared previously, in somewhat different form, in the New York Observer. A.D. Coleman is a member of the The Authors Guild. ©1991 by A.D. Coleman. All rights reserved.*

the well-known. Jean Dieuzaide, Ed van der Elsken, Thomas Hoepker, Alberto Schommer, Jalai Abbas and Raghbir Singh are the only ones likely to be unfamiliar to U.S. viewers.

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**MOTHER JONES' 1991 WINNERS**  
 by Kerry Tremain

Strong entries from Eastern Europe and Latin America highlighted the second Mother Jones Fund International Documentary photography competition. The sheer number of entries from the U.S. ensured several of superior quality, though the majority exhibited the qualities we've come to associate with bad documentary work: earnest good intention and little else. A reliance on suggestion and metaphor, developed for years under the eyes of censors, gives the European work a subtle, intelligent grace. Societies undergoing profound changes, especially the romance and tragedy of Old World Europe meeting the West, prove to be of compelling visual interest. They lend themselves well to this metaphoric approach, especially in Czechoslovakia, where the photographic tradition is stronger. Soviet submissions tended to be a bit more photojournalistic.

This clash of cultures – peasant and industrial, Indian and Castilian – is also a principal theme of the Latin American photographs. The fantastic qualities, so commented upon in respect to South American writing, remain prevalent in the work of photographers like Ed Viggiani of Brazil. There is a harder edge in Jorge Saenz's photographs documenting the children of Paraguay's long dictatorship. Still, one wonders at the relative absence of urban photography on a continent that increasingly lives in cities.

In contrast, urban themes predominate among U.S. photographers, though Rob Amberg's lament on the family farm was one of the deepest and most stirring penetrations of a subject seen this year. A cross-cultural current infused many of the more compelling U.S. projects as well, especially those of first or second generation immigrants like Ernesto Bazan and Mark Leong, both of whom are working outside the U.S., the latter in his parent's native China. This is a beautiful, problematic portrait of Chinese social life, more reminiscent of Marc Riboud than Reagan Louie.

Entries from Asia itself, and from Africa, were spare, probably due to our own deficiencies in sufficiently publicizing the competition there.

The work of the 1991 finalists will be shown at an awards presentation on September 7, which will feature a lecture by French photographer Marc Riboud (see ad page 2). The finalists are: Rob Amberg (U.S.), Marc Aspin (U.S.), Ernesto Bazan (Italy), Arlene Gottfried (U.S.), Anwar Hossein (Bangladesh), Viktor Kolar (Czechoslovakia), Mark Leong (U.S.), Jorge Saenz (Argentina), Ed Viggiani (Brazil), and Vladimire Vyatkin Vu (U.S.S.R.). Jurors this year were Ken Light, Thomas Müller, and Nan Richardson.

**Note:** A show of last year's Mother Jones finalists, *World Views*, can be viewed through September 15 at the Ansel Adams Center. A catalog, with 32 duotones and three color photos, with an introduction by Carole Naggar, editor of *Camera International*, is available from: Beth Schoenfeld, Mother Jones International Fund for Documentary Photography, 1663 Mission St., San Francisco, CA 94103, USA. Applications for next year's competition are also available.



Victor Kolar, Czechoslovakia.



Anwar Hossain, Bangladesh.



Robert Amberg, United States of America.



Mark Leong, United States of America.



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Marc Aspin, United States of America.



Jorge Saenz, Argentina.

## BEYOND BELIEF at SF Camerawork

If one can accept the notion that there is a cosmic economy of ideas, then it also follows that as one idea rises to cultural consciousness another must fade away or be transformed. This life cycle within the ideational macroeconomy occurs over time and is traced by shifts in fashion, and more substantially in the limits of what is socially acceptable. Such cycles and shifts are measured linguistically by terms such as renaissance, neolite or post – or echoed more simplistically in the opening strains of the popular 1960s television show *Ben Casey*: man, woman, birth, life, death, infinity. The last figure of speech leaves room for the uncertain, the post- or after-life and hints at some other unnamed dimension made seemingly innocuous and acceptable. The packagers of *Ben Casey* were ahead of their time. Though the infinite was never really addressed in the program itself, it was a stylish gesture.

The late 1950s and early 1960s were a low point in the presence of religious and spiritual concepts in American culture. The separation of church and state was also a denial of the connection between faith and politics on an individual sentient level. God was pronounced dead, and authority questioned. Since that time those questions have become more precipitous (and hopefully aimed toward consciousness), but the tools for constructing answers are pluralistic and scattered.

Presently, the politics of world and individual experience are in a state of flux and transformation. Something is dying away and something must be rising. As we edge toward the middle of the nineteen-nineties, culture seems bored with what seemed so certain for *Ben Casey*'s writers and, instead, has become increasingly fascinated with a range of other realities from the demonic to the godly. It is almost as if, having come to the conclusion of the Renaissance, we are returning to the bestiality and high scholastic spiritualism of the Gothic paradigm. Something happened in the Renaissance: the disappearance of blind faith that pervaded the Middle Ages; an unabashed commencement of Western commercial culture; a rebirth of classical ideals minus a spiritual or mythological hierarchy (replaced of course by the political structure of the church); and, the emergent by-product of commerce, the specialist – the microeconomist, the modernist.

It no longer seems important to argue the origins of modernism since its assumptions are intimately connected to those of the Renaissance and are also late and post – connected to a fading idea. Whether one accepts the technological model of human progress in the name of science or one reads the flip-side of that same record as the withering of spiritual capacities, there seems to be little question that art, religion and science, which had remained in the Middle Ages aspects of an integrated vision (for better or worse), came unraveled in the Renaissance. As individuals competed for dominion in specialized areas of knowledge, the imbalance created, for example, Galileo whose knowledge, come by technologically and intuitively (read artistically), stood at

odds with the religiously acceptable. That fracas in one form or another continues to this day over the carcass of commerce – in an age not of reformation but of deformation.

So, it is not surprising to come upon an exhibition such as *Beyond Belief*, which collectively addresses questions of religion, the significance of its iconography, the cogency of religious symbolism as a vehicle for personal expression and role of the artist as an arbiter of religious experience – all of this in the context of a progressive temple of art and photography. The seven artists included proclaim a certain faith that their objects are religiously inclined, in their statements of intent and in the quality and craft present in those objects. Curated by Rupert Jenkins and textualized by Jessica Chiswick, the show's assumption seems to be that a degree of satire mixed with the enigmatic will at least inspire a reconsideration of religious values if not religious practices.

To a limited extent, that assumption seems to hold true. Pondering the conceptual humor behind Anne Rowland's rendition of *God's Brain* or that of *The Twelve Apostles*, the process of picturing a supreme being is brought into question. Graven images in comic posture. The rest of her work seems to play more on the language – the image as imposter – than on deeper cultural imprints or referents. Therein lies the limitation. True religious or spiritual experience has never been pictured directly. It is experiential not pictorial.

Its telling has been in analogy or parable, metaphoric figures of speech whose purpose is *equivalence*. Any direct renditions tend to be illustrations whose business it is to tell us, not engage us. The potential and potent act of imagination evoked through these poetic devices is short-circuited. Lewis Tobey's clever, color-rich restagings of biblical scenes, and J. John Priola's installation *A Mantle of Charity Thrown Over the Failures of Other Men* fall into this illustrational category.

If one treats the exhibition as a religious-based metaphoric exploration of some deeply personal and honest questions about meaningful experience, then much more of the work makes sense. Kim Stringfellow's intricate mixed-media boxes pay homage to Joseph Cornell and Olivia Parker, and are, more importantly, excursions into the visual-literary mode through which she has chosen to portray others' mythologized experiences such as *Self Portrait as St. Lucy*.

This is an intellectual path which she shares with Alan Rutberg whose installation *The Violence of the Hyphen* calls up tragic memories from Jewish history. It is his selection of charged found imagery rather than the random placement of Hebrew characters across them that give the piece its cogency.

Kathryn Eldredge's multi-media shrines examine a range of contemporary experience from a woman's view. Much of what she has portrayed with the purses central in the image-laden three panel construction feels autobiographical. Religion is seen as a political rather than spiritual structure, one about power and the *Passion of the Purse* – her title which is ever so delicately a triple entendre. As one passes through the installation, the collective muttering of all the separate soundtracks, each of

which runs on a continuous loop, creates the feel of walking into some immense cathedral in which no two people are saying the same prayer. The pieces and artifacts demand audience participation and are engaging and suggestive when one explores them. However, the scripts that one hears with each lack the same sense of clarity that one gets from the visual aspects of the presentation.

Participation in the historicity of religious imagery is taken to its extreme by Cristina Emmanuel's installation *Choose Your Pain, Stand to Gain*. This larger than life "mugging" altarpiece, including candles and other sacramental paraphernalia, greets one at the gallery entrance. Like the reductive wit of Anne Rowland's pieces, Emmanuel's allows one to make a quick transition of reality. Participating means having one's face recorded in the work as either the Head of John the Baptist, St. Sebastian, or Our Lady of Sorrows – a strange menu for projective transference. (I understand there were long lines to have pictures made in this manner during the opening.) But the immediate experience of the installation, with the absence of faces from the reproduced imagery is like that of finding daguerreotypes and tintypes with faces scratched out – the death mark, identity removed – the indicator of an empty metaphoric shell.

Religion carries with it an emotional and barbed hook which is one reason why it is never discussed at table, but a good reason to engage this exhibition. Amidst the righteous debates about religion and its grace of state, is some serious searching in the realm of faith and spirit – even within the hierarchy of the Catholic church. The general movement, if I read it correctly, is toward a reintegration of the three forms of knowledge characterized separately as art, religion and science – or, by way of analogy, the realms of soul, spirit and intellect. As the latitude of expression in *Beyond Belief* indicates, even in its unevenness, it does not matter which of the three special directions one comes from if the movement is toward some balance with the other two. The strength of the exhibition is the cathartic position it takes toward the past. Toward the future of religion and religious experience, it remains tentative. It would seem important to find belief present before considering going beyond it.

© John Bloom  
San Francisco, 1991

*The exhibition continues at SF Camerawork through August 17.*



Kathryn Eldredge. *The Passion of the Purse*.



Kim Stringfellow.



Alan Rutberg. *The Violence of the Hyphen*, 1990.



Anne Rowland. *The Twelve Apostles*.



Lewis Toby. *The Garden of Eden*, 1988.



Alan Rutberg. *The Body's Memory*, 1990.



J. John Priola. *A Mantle of Charity Thrown Over the Failures of Other Men*.

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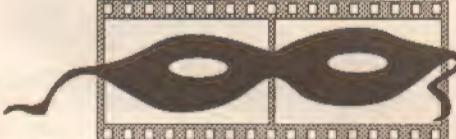
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**SKIN AND BONES: PHOTOGRAPHY AND PUBLIC ART IN THE CITY**  
by Rebecca Solnit

A city, in one version, is an arrangement of buildings and spaces, a kind of architectural duet in which art chimes in as exploration of place – for most officially sponsored public art projects are sculptural descendants of the civic monument, though they have retreated from the language of politics to the language of architecture and place. There is, however, another version of the city, in which the city is a tumult, almost a babel of information, of advertisements for goods, services, and ideologies in every medium from electronic signboards to bumperstickers and tattoos. In this version the city is a conversation of overlapping, competing voices rather than a duet, and art might better join in by speaking with images rather than structure. Which is to say, most funding programs to the contrary, that perhaps the photographic is a more powerfully immediate public art medium for cities.

Much of the really notable public art of recent years – by Dennis Adams, Alfredo Jaar, Barbara Kruger, Larry Sultan, Krzysztof Wodiczko, Border Arts Workshop – has been photographic in origin, and all of it has been incorporated into the commercial image niches of the city – bus stops, busses, billboards, subways. It has gone into spaces that already exist as sites for spectatorship, are already part of the conversation of commercial, political and personal voices that makes the visual clamor of a city. These voices constitute the visual surface, the skin, of the city, which is why such imagistic/photographic art can appear in spaces that already exist; in contrast, monumental public art fills or creates a space of its own apart from the clamor, a space that makes a political statement about both the nature of art and the nature of cities.

This political statement asserts that cities are architectural monologues or relatively closed conversations among the chosen; that cities consist of their buildings and spaces; and that art becomes part of the city by emulating a rarified dialogue of building and space. Art that emulates architecture is less likely to participate in that skin of visual conversation. For one thing it is usually intended to be permanent, so what it says must be sayable for all time, not offensive, not topical, not partisan; it arises out of a notion of art as transcendentally timeless rather than part of the contemporary contest of meaning. So such public art adheres to a notion of the public as a unified mass, and it operates in the territory of that presumed consensus. Usually sponsored or approved by a civic authority, such art usually reflects an administratively convenient fiction of an existing homogeneity – or worse yet, of the avant-garde. The idea of avant-garde – which is after all a military term – presumes that we are all marching in the same direction; because we are all marching in the same direction we ought all like the same things, and avant-garde public art is supposed to be one of those things or one of those things we will like if we continue marching forward. Its universalizing is premised on the modernist notion of a universal human condition, a united direction and an artist's ability to represent all those marchers; the polylogue of postmodernism opposes such premises.

If imagistic public art takes place as part of the skin of the city, this sculptural art is part of the bones of the city, the structural skeleton that supports its surfaces but is largely submerged beneath them. The contest of meaning between various groups is played out largely on the urban skin, with participants ranging from any kid with a marker to political groups inside and outside the electoral system – ACT UP, political candidates – to advertisers whose money buys them the lion's share of imagespace. In this temporary, contested space artists can join in the arguments, conversations and screaming matches as partisans, as happily factionalized players rather than as representatives of a postulated civic spirit; they can join in the topical debates of the day because their work is of that day, not eternal.

It seems unlikely at present that photographic imagery will take center stage as official public art: only a few photographers yet seem to think in terms of the scales, audiences, issues and locations of public art; and fewer public art administrators think in terms of incisive imagery rather than eternal monument. As unofficial public art, however, it seems to be on the increase; and as funding dries up and artists are drawn deeper into the political fray, many more will be motivated to take on this means of participating in the visual conversation of the cities.

\*\*\*

The ArtShelter group decided to investigate the potency of photography as a public-art medium by developing a large-scale photographic project for San Francisco, a project that would also permit site-specific and community-related photographic projects. Gannett Outdoor Company of Northern California generously agreed to let us use twenty bus shelter ad spaces throughout the city. The project was coordinated by its participants, all graduate students at the San Francisco Art Institute, who arranged fundraising, production, publicity and outreach. We expected photography, with its kinship to advertising and newspapers, to be a surprising and provocative medium for public art, one that raises issues of representation and information in ways not customary to the public genres. Some works did so specifically through site-related projects that reflected the people and places of their locale – conceptual mirrors in which the community can contemplate its own reflection. Others disrupted the clamor of images demanding specific response by providing more hermetic, less directive pictures: pictures that might provoke thought rather than demand the consumption or allegiance of political and commercial image/text. Maps were distributed as part of the publicity, to allow viewers to visit all locales and experience the project as a whole.

The Artshelter participants were Sven Wiederholt, Sara Topitzer, Paul Stowers, Juliet Stelzmann, Brenda Prager, Jamie Pennington, Julia Parker, Mike Light, Nanci Kahn, Linda Jones, Kate Hoernle, Marc Heinrich, Steve Hemenway, John Helyar, Chris Heard, Lori Grissom, Laura Blom, Chick Bills and Catherine Allport.

Writer Rebecca Solnit served as faculty advisor on the Artshelter project while teaching the criticism and theory seminar in the SFAI photo department. Her most recent publications include SECRET EXHIBITION: Six California Artists of the Cold War Era (*City Lights Books*) and *Pe Tukmiyat Pe Tukmiyat: Lewis deSoto (San Jose Museum of Art)*.



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Mike Light



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Marc Heinrich and Sven Wiederholt



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**CHISTAYA PRAVDA:**  
**Recent Eastern Bloc Photography**  
**at the Kyle Roberts Gallery**

Because of glasnost and the freedoms allowed by the Soviet Union in the last four years, the West has recently had the opportunity to see what photographers in the Eastern Bloc have been doing and thinking about over the past several decades. The Kyle Roberts Gallery's current show, *Chistaya Pravda* or Naked Truth, consists of over twenty photographs by Antanas Sutkus of Lithuania.

In terms of photography, Lithuania has always had a special relationship with image makers. In 1919, during its brief twenty years of independence, Vilnius State University was one of the first in Europe to establish a department of photography. Fifty years later, in 1969, a young photographer named Antanas Sutkus, considered the "Father of Lithuanian Photography," helped create The Society for Creative Photography - the equivalent of a fine art trade union. This preceded similar recognition in the Soviet Union itself. Today, Sutkus is the president of the Praesidium, the Photography Art Society of Lithuania.

Although well known for his work and contribution to fine art photography in Eastern Europe, Sutkus is virtually unknown in the West. *Aperture* magazine chose his "Young Pioneer" image for the cover of its special New Soviet Photography issue a few years ago, but did not go beyond that in showing more of his work. The Sutkus images now on display at the Kyle Roberts Gallery are from his series entitled "People of Lithuania." It is a searching look into the souls of its' people and includes artists, children, cultural figures and ordinary city and country people. What is special about his work is that this penetrating look is returned, in force, by some of the people he is photographing. His most well known image, "Soviet Pioneer" (the Soviet equivalent of Boy Scouts) stands ready to test our will and challenges us to see who will blink first. In another photograph, we are allowed a glimpse into a ballet audition filled with young girls waiting their turn - only one dancer bothers to acknowledge the photographer's presence. There is also a photograph of Sarte, the existential philosopher, walking alone across a barren desert foreground. He is alone but there are two shadows on the ground. Who is this other person? Why is he there? A fitting existential query, I suppose.

Sutkus raises these and other questions in the images presented in the show. At a time when Eastern Europe is in such pivotal transition we are grateful for the visual and cultural window Sutkus' work opens for us. The exhibition continues until September 14, 1991. (See Listings for details.)

Barry Singer

*Barry Singer has been involved with photography since purchasing a Brownie Hawkeye 620 camera at the age of thirteen. He has been collecting photographs for over twenty years. Since receiving his MFA from Cal Arts in 1974, he has been president of Singer Printing Co. in Petaluma, California. He has recently become a private photography dealer.*



**JOHN SEXTON: Quiet Light**  
 by Jim Alinder

Emerging from the shadow (or from under the thumb) of a great master has never been easy. Artists with a dominant visual style and encompassing technique tend to clone their assistants or students. Without knowing more than that, the serious photography world passed off John Sexton as another Ansel Adams, Jr. And the emphasis is always on the "Junior." While there is clearly an audience for master clones (the pictures are "almost" as good and they are much less expensive), that audience is not the one that Sexton seeks, nor is it the one he deserves.

When a reviewer's critical abilities reach the rarified atmosphere where he/she is deciphering which brand of tape the Stern Twins used on a particular work of their photographic oeuvre, he/she may write off Sexton. He has a West Coast vision. He uses a view camera. He worked for Ansel Adams. His subject is the landscape. His prints are the purest. His license plate is Mr. Zone. Yet, even in the broad range of photographic and popular press, there have been no bad reviews of his first book, *Quiet Light*. The reviews have been almost embarrassingly positive: some examples, "It is certainly one of the most brilliant collections of black and white photographs I have ever seen. Sexton is on his way to surpassing his mentors: Ansel Adams, Edward Weston and Wynn Bullock." (*Washington Post*); "We suspect that when the history of photography is written for the last two decades of this century, Sexton will occupy a prominent position." (*The Photograph Collector*); "In the rarest of cases such a book will also tell you something about the spirit and thoughtfulness of the artist. *Quiet Light* is one of these rare and beautiful books." (*Darkroom Photography*); and so it goes.

As a book production the supreme quality of *Quiet Light* is no fluke. Sexton's no compromise attitude in his fine prints was continued through all facets of the book's production. Sexton not only cared, he knew what to do. He found a designer who let the images be the primary consideration and a publisher who would pay for a quality book. The printer was Gardner Lithograph whose laser scanned duotone black and white reproduction technique is unsurpassed in its representation of tone and detail. Yes, Gardner prints all the official Adams books and posters. For several years, Sexton has been on press at Gardner representing the Adams' interest in quality control through the printing of Adams' work. Of course, he was on press checking each sheet of *Quiet Light* and used his Adams education to make certain that this book was special.

Turning to the exhibitions, Sexton's work is currently on view in two venues; one in California and the other in New York. Though titled the same as the book, the Alinder Gallery show contains a number of his recent works, particularly of Anasazi ruins. "Evolutions," his exhibition at ICP Midtown, contains some didactic material. Three fine prints are displayed with their antecedents: the negative and various work prints. These evolutions show the development of Sexton's manipulation of the negative's information in reaching the fine print. Sexton knows tones. A master printer, he will force his negatives to give up tonal nuances so elusive that perhaps only he will see them. His fine prints are a revelation in the exquisite detail and range.

Little more than half of the ICP show images are landscapes, so there are surprises: six of the prints are of power plants, another six of Hoover Dam. These two ongoing projects, together with the Anasazi ruin images, represent a distinct change in Sexton's subject matter. While still seamless in tone and detail, the artist's work has shifted to developing a body of images that explore man's changing technology over a span of centuries. Sexton intends his next enterprise will be to seek images that depict the cutting edge of technological innovations.

Born in Los Angeles in 1953, Sexton developed an interest in photography while still in grade school, that blossomed in high school and became consuming in college. It was an exhibition of work by Adams, Bullock and Weston in the spring of 1973 that provided the epiphany. Six years later Adams called asking Sexton to become his photographic assistant. By the fall of 1982, Sexton was in great demand as a teacher, unable to make prints as fast as they sold, and knew he needed to be independent. He left full-time work at Adams studio to set up his own. Since then Sexton's life has been a delicate balance between consulting for major photographic corporations, work for the Adams trust, teaching more than a dozen workshops annually and doing his own work.

That work most often takes place in what Sexton calls the "quiet light." This is the hour after sunset; what the quiet adds in exposure times, it gives back in tonal nuance.

John Sexton, *Quiet Light*, Bulfinch Press, Little, Brown, Boston. 51 laser Fultones, essays by James Alinder & Colin Fletcher, 128 pages, \$60.

"John Sexton: Quiet Light," at the Alinder Gallery, continues through August 24. "Evolutions," at ICP Midtown, will be on display through September 1, 1991. See Listings for details.



1 Anasazi Ruin, Utah, 1990

2 Stump, Early Morning Mist  
Emerald Lake, Canada, 1988

3 Rock Shoreline, Dusk  
Pemaquid Point, Maine, 1987

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Please read carefully to facilitate procedures and ensure the proper handling of your work.

### AWARDS:

\$3000.00 in cash – 1st, 2nd, 3rd place and Honorable Mentions will receive cash awards. Approximately 60 additional photographs will be selected to be published in the November 1991 issue of *Photo Metro*.

### ENTRY FEE:

\$10.00 per photograph. You may submit as many entries as you wish. Each print is considered one entry. Diptychs, triptychs or other multiples, must be printed on one sheet of paper to be considered as a single entry.

### HOW TO PREPARE

#### YOUR ENTRY:

Your entries must arrive with one completed **GENERAL FORM** indicating total number of photographs submitted. In addition, each individual print (submission) must have an **ENTRY FORM** attached to the back.

All entries must arrive with forms, fees and self-addressed, stamped packaging for their return. *Photo Metro* can not be responsible for any loss or damage. If desired, sender must pre-insure work. If you insure your work through the US Postal Service, include return insurance slip with your entry forms. Submissions without return postage will not be returned. While *Photo Metro* takes as much care of entries as possible, we can not be responsible for any loss or damage of work submitted to this competition.

### DEADLINE:

All entries must arrive by **October 3, 1991**. There will be a personal drop-off period October 2 and 3 from noon to 7pm at *Photo Metro*: 6 Rodgers 207c (off of Folsom Street between 7th and 8th Streets) in San Francisco. Personal drop-offs must include self-addressed, stamped packaging for their return. There will be no personal pick-up period. No exceptions.

### JUROR:

Andy Grundberg, curator at The Friends of Photography, formerly a writer and critic at the *New York Times* and author of *Crisis of the Real, Photography and Art, Mike and Doug Starn, Grundberg's Goof-proof Photography Guide* among others.

### SEND ENTRIES TO:

*Photo Metro* Contest, 6 Rodgers 207c, San Francisco, CA 94103.

Please fill and include one **GENERAL FORM** with your entry fee.

## GENERAL FORM 9th Annual Photo Metro Contest

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_ Zip \_\_\_\_\_

Telephone \_\_\_\_\_

Total number of entries \_\_\_\_\_ (x\$10) **TOTAL** \_\_\_\_\_

**B**

An **ENTRY FORM** must be attached to the back of each of your images. If you are submitting one image write 1 of 1; if you are submitting two, write in 1 of 2 and 2 of 2; if three, 1 of 3, 2 of 3 and 3 of 3; and so on...

## ENTRY FORM 9th Annual Photo Metro Contest

Number \_\_\_\_\_ of \_\_\_\_\_ total entry(ies)

Name \_\_\_\_\_ Area Code + Phone \_\_\_\_\_

Title of Image \_\_\_\_\_

Technique (silver gelatin, C print, cibachrome, laser print, collage, etc.) \_\_\_\_\_

## ENTRY FORM 9th Annual Photo Metro Contest

Number \_\_\_\_\_ of \_\_\_\_\_ total entry(ies)

Name \_\_\_\_\_ Area Code + Phone \_\_\_\_\_

Title of image \_\_\_\_\_

Technique (silver gelatin, C print, cibachrome, laser print, collage, etc.) \_\_\_\_\_

Cut out or copy the **GENERAL** and **ENTRY FORMS**. Make as many facsimile of these forms as you might require.



**Alinder Gallery**  
JOHN SEXTON; ANSEL ADAMS, through August 25. RUTH BERNHARD; PATRICK NAGATANI; ANSEL ADAMS; through November 24. 39165 S. Hwy One, Gualala, CA (707) 884-4884.

**Ansel Adams Center**  
MOTHER JONES DOCUMENTARY FUND AWARDS, through September 15. WALKER EVANS, WILLIAM CHRISTENBERRY and PHOTOGRAPHY OF CHINA 1980-90, through September 8. 250 Fourth St, SF (415) 495-7000.

**The Art Institute of Chicago**  
GILLES PERES, Power in the Blood, through September 8. Michigan Ave at Adams St, Chicago, IL (312) 443-3600.

**Artshelter**  
SFAI GRADUATE PHOTO DEPARTMENT, 22 Bus Shelter Posters, through August: Mission & Haight Districts. (415) 567-4283.

**Artspace**  
CONTEMPORARY PORTRAITS, through September 21. 21800 Oxnard St, Woodland Hills, CA.

**Allen Augustine Gallery**  
THE GHOST OF BODIE, through September 29. Zephyr Cove, NV (702) 588-3525.

**Barnsdall Art Center**  
JULIE FOWLES, through August. Barnsdall Art Park, 4800 Hollywood Blvd, LA, CA

**Jacques Baruch Gallery**  
JIRI ANDERLE, through August 31. 40 East Delaware, #1702, Chicago (312) 944-3377.

**Benteler-Morgan Galleries**  
RUTH THORNE-THOMSEN, through August 17. 4100 Montrose Blvd, Houston, TX (713) 522-8228.

**Book Trader Gallery**  
GORDON SMITH, Jamaica - Keeping the Faith, through September 1. 501 South St, Philadelphia, PA (215) 925-0219.

**California Academy of Sciences**  
GALEN ROWELL, My Tibet, through October 6. San Francisco (415) 221-5100.

**California Museum of Photography**  
MORRIE CAMHI, until September 1. RITA DeWITT & BART PARKER, through August 25. MARY ELLEN MARK, through August 18. WILL CONNELL, August 24 - October 27. UC Riverside, CA (714) 878-4787.

**Capp Street Project**  
ERIKA SUDERBURG, To Be Administered Before Sleep, August 16 through September 28. 270 14th St, SF, CA (415) 626-7747.

**Center for Creative Photography**  
A PORTRAIT IS NOT A LIKENESS, through August 18. DANNY LYON, Photo/Film, 1959-1990, August 25 - October 13. University of Arizona, Tucson, AZ (602) 621-7968.

**Center for Photography at Woodstock**  
Contemporary Masters, until October 5. 59 Tinker St, Woodstock, NY (914) 679-9957.

**Chacun a son Gout: The Helen Johnston Memorial Photographic Gallery**  
DR. T. KAISER, through August 24. Castro & Duboce, San Francisco (415) 565-6779.

**Chrysler Museum**  
SEBASTIAO SALGADO: An Uncertain Grace, through September 22. Olney Rd & Mowbray Arch, Norfolk, VA (804) 622-1211.

**The Corcoran Gallery of Art**  
BERENICE ABBOTT, Fifty Years of Photographs, through September 29. Washington D.C. (202) 638-3211.

**Cornerstone Art Gallery**  
RANDY CULLEN, Visual Eyes, through September 4. 418 Main St, Longmont, CO (303) 772-8800.

**Denver Art Museum**  
MILT HINTON, through October 13. 100 W. 14th Ave Parkway (303) 575-2794.

**Catherine Edelman Gallery**  
MARC HAUSER, through August 20. 300 W. Superior, Chicago (312) 266-2350.

**Elkhorn Slough Reserve Visitor Center**  
MICHAEL KENNA, Gathering Light: An Artists-Eye View of Moss Landing & Elkhorn Slough, through September 1. 1700 Elkhorn Rd, Watsonville (408) 728-5939.

**Etherton Stern Gallery**  
GOOD ART PART I, through September 7. 135 6th Ave., Tucson AZ (602) 624-7370.

**The 4th Street Photo Gallery**  
BARBARA COLOMBO, through August 31. 67 E. 4th Street, NYC (212) 673-1021.

**Fraenkel Gallery**  
BERND AND HILLA BECHER, through September 7. 49 Geary St, San Francisco, CA (415) 981-2661.

**Gallery Seven: Gloucester**  
JOSEPH FLACK WEILER and GLOUCESTER USA & NEW MEXICO LIGHT, through August 31. 77 Rocky Neck Avenue, East Gloucester, MA (508) 281-6443.

**The J. Paul Getty Museum**  
LISETTE MODEL, Daring to See, through October 20. 17985 Pacific Coast Hwy, Malibu CA (213) 459-7611.

**G.Gibson Gallery**  
GROUP SHOW, August 1 through September 12. 119 South Jackson St, Seattle, WA (206) 587-4033.

**Jack Glenn Gallery**  
DAVID LEVINTHAL, through August 31. 962 N. La Brea Avenue, Los Angeles, CA (213) 874-5161.

**Grace Hudson Museum**  
LIDEN, MAGRUDER & KNIGHT, An Association of Three, through August 13. 431 S. Main St, Ukiah, CA (707) 462-3370.

**Hasselblad Center**  
THE COLLECTION, through August 24. Parkgatan 25, Göteborg, Sweden.

**G. Ray Hawkins Gallery**  
GEORGE BUTLER, Arnold Schwarzenegger: RENDEVOUS: The Intrigue of Romance, through August 17. 910 Colorado Ave., Santa Monica, CA (213) 394-5558.

**Henry Art Gallery**  
EDWARD WESTON and ANSEL ADAMS, through August 11. University of Washington, Seattle, WA (206) 543-2281.

**Hotel Diva**  
TIM BASKERVILLE, Selected Night Photographs, through August. 440 Geary, San Francisco (415) 885-0200.

**International Center of Photography Midtown**: PAUL ICKOVIC, until September 1. BRIAN WEIL; JOHN SEXTON; SEBASTIAO SELGADO, through September 1, 1133 Avenue of the Americas.

**ICP Uptown: VANISHING SPAIN, VIEWS AND VISIONS**; ILSE BING, through September 8. 1130 Fifth Ave, New York, NY (212) 860-1783.

**Kennedy Gallery**  
MARK CHESTER, through August 28. 260-264 Valencia Street, San Francisco, CA (415) 552-2050.

**Judah L. Magnes Museum**  
IRA NOWINSKI, Soviet Jewish Emigres: A Documentary, through August 18. 2911 Russell St, Berkeley (415) 849-2710.

**Catherine Edelman Gallery**

MARC HAUSER, through August 20. 300 W. Superior, Chicago (312) 266-2350.

**Elkhorn Slough Reserve Visitor Center**

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PAUL ICKOVIC, until September 1. BRIAN WEIL; JOHN SEXTON; SEBASTIAO SELGADO, through September 1, 1133 Avenue of the Americas.

**Min Gallery**

ICHIGO SUGAWARA, through August 11. Tokyo, Japan.

**Musée d'art contemporain de Montréal**

LE CORPS VACANT, through August. Cité du Havre, Montréal, Québec (514) 873-2878.

**Musée de l'Elysée**

NEW DIRECTIONS, Through September 8. Lausanne, Switzerland.

**Museum for Art and History**

A DIFFERENT VIEW OF SWITZERLAND, through Sept. 16. Fribourg, Switzerland.

**Pace Macgill Gallery**

BETTINA RHEIMS and NIC NICOSIA, through August 30. 32 East 57th Street, NYC (212) 759-7999.

**Philadelphia Museum of Art**

WILLIAM CHRISTENBERRY, through August 25. Parkway at 26th Street, Philadelphia, PA (215) 763-8100.

**The Photo Gallery at Harbourfront**

JAKE PETERS, HIV Phobia, through September 8. Toronto, Ontario.

**Photo Mirage Gallery**

DOUG RHINEHART, through August 29. 1801 South Pearl, Denver, CO.

**Photocentral Gallery**

GROUP SHOW, through September 30. 1099 E St, Hayward, CA (415) 431-4352.

**The Photographic Museum of Finland**

PATRICIA SCHWARZ, August 15 through October 3. Keskuskatu 6 SF-00101 Helsinki

**Photographic Resource Center**

ILENE SEGALOVE, August 28 through October 6. 602 Commonwealth Ave, Boston MA (617) 353-0700.

**PhotoLab Gallery**

DOUG BURGESS, through August 31. 2235 5th St, Berkeley, CA (415) 644-1400.

**Presentation House**

EDWARD S. CURTIS & CONTEMPORARIES: Shadowy Evidence, through September 1. 333 Chesterfield Ave, North Vancouver B.C. (604) 986-1351.

**--pterous art etc.**

ROBERT BASS, Damn Nation/Redemption, through September 15. 483 Guero, San Francisco (415) 255-9041.

**Refractions**

ED KINNEY, Faces of China, through August 31. 600 San Pablo Avenue, #105, Albany, CA (415) 527-8664.

**Kyle Roberts Gallery**

CHANGING REALITY: Recent Soviet Photography, through September 14. 185 Post St, San Francisco (415) 677-0971.

**Ryerson Gallery**

MARYANN CAMILLERI, SANDY MIDDLETON, SUE PARKER MUNN, through August 31. 350 Victoria St, Toronto, Ontario (416) 979-5167.

**SF Camerawork**

Beyond BELIEF, through August 17. 70 Twelfth St, San Francisco (415) 621-1001.

**SF Maritime Harmon Gallery**

DAYS OF THE TULE SAILORS, through October. Foot of Polk St, SF (415) 556-0532.

**SF Museum of Modern Art**

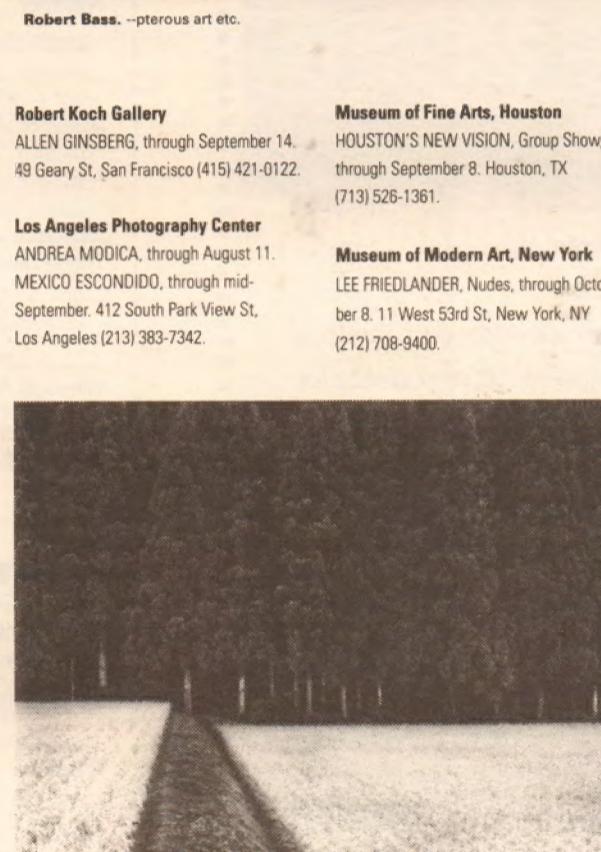
DUANE MICHALS, through August 18. 401 Van Ness Ave, SF (415) 863-8800.

**Weston Gallery**

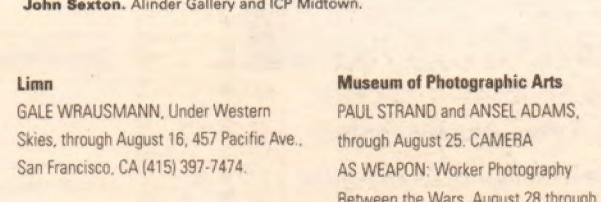
MICHAEL KENNA, through August 29. Carmel, CA (408) 624-4453.

**The Witkin Gallery**

MICHAEL VON GRAFENREID, Swiss Image and NINA HOWELL STARR, Portraits of Women, through August 23. 415 West Broadway, NYC (212) 925-5510.



Robert Bass. --pterous art etc.



John Sexton. Alinder Gallery and ICP Midtown.

**Museum of Photographic Arts**

PAUL STRAND and ANSEL ADAMS, through August 25. CAMERA AS WEAPON: Worker Photography Between the Wars, August 28 through October 20. Balboa Park, San Diego, CA (619) 239-5262.

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At Rayko Photo Center

2423 Polk Street, San Francisco

Artist's Reception September 6, 1991

6 PM to 8:30 PM

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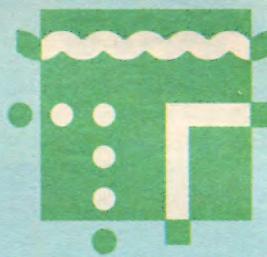
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